

Title: Tales of Virtue: Honor (Part 2)

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were well capable of Victory, thanks to his teachings.

On the day of the battle, Dupre went up to a hill overlooking the doomed town, for he would not turn away from the evil that his hand had caused. But while he waited there, he was surprised when a contingent of the Gargoyle band approached him, and asked an unexpected question.

"lieutenant," their spokesman said, "we know that you base all your decisions on Honor, which is a strange concept to us, but nonetheless we wish to know if this is an Honorable fight today."

Now Dupre well knew the cool power of the Gargoyle intellect, and that any attempt to dissemble or dissuade would be immediately perceived, and would discredit him forever among the Gargoyles. He was also minded of his oath to Gartagmalem to do nothing to overtly subvert his plans, so he kept his answer as straight and honest as he could.

You have been told by your Captain that Lord British is a tyrant.

Well then, it is no dishonor to take up arms against tyranny, if that is truly what you believe. However, your people do not extract oaths of fealty as mine do, and I have often heard your Captain say that you follow him at the call of your reason and your own sense of what is right, which is the Gargoyle way. Now your hearts and minds have moved you to ask whether the fight today is Honorable. Perhalps the question itself is it's own answer."

Then the Gargoyles went apart again, to dispute the question among themselves, and the end result was that fully a third of the band declined to follow Gartagmalem into combat against the town. And one young Gargoyle of impetuous nature (the same young champion whom Dupre had cast down at the inn) took it upon himself to fly down and warn the garrison of the pending attack.

Nonetheless, Gartagmalem, in cold rage, refused to call off the battle. But against warned and ready defenders the diminished Gargoyle force could not prevail, and Gartagmalem himself was slain.

But the Gargoyles who had refused to battle

(and aye, some of the survivors) returned to Dupre, and begged that he continue to lead them as he had in the past, against brigands and pirates and monsters, so that humans could see that Gargoyles were capable of service to all. And Dupre agreed, and he named the band the Locusts of Britannia, and they won great renown and did much good for many years.